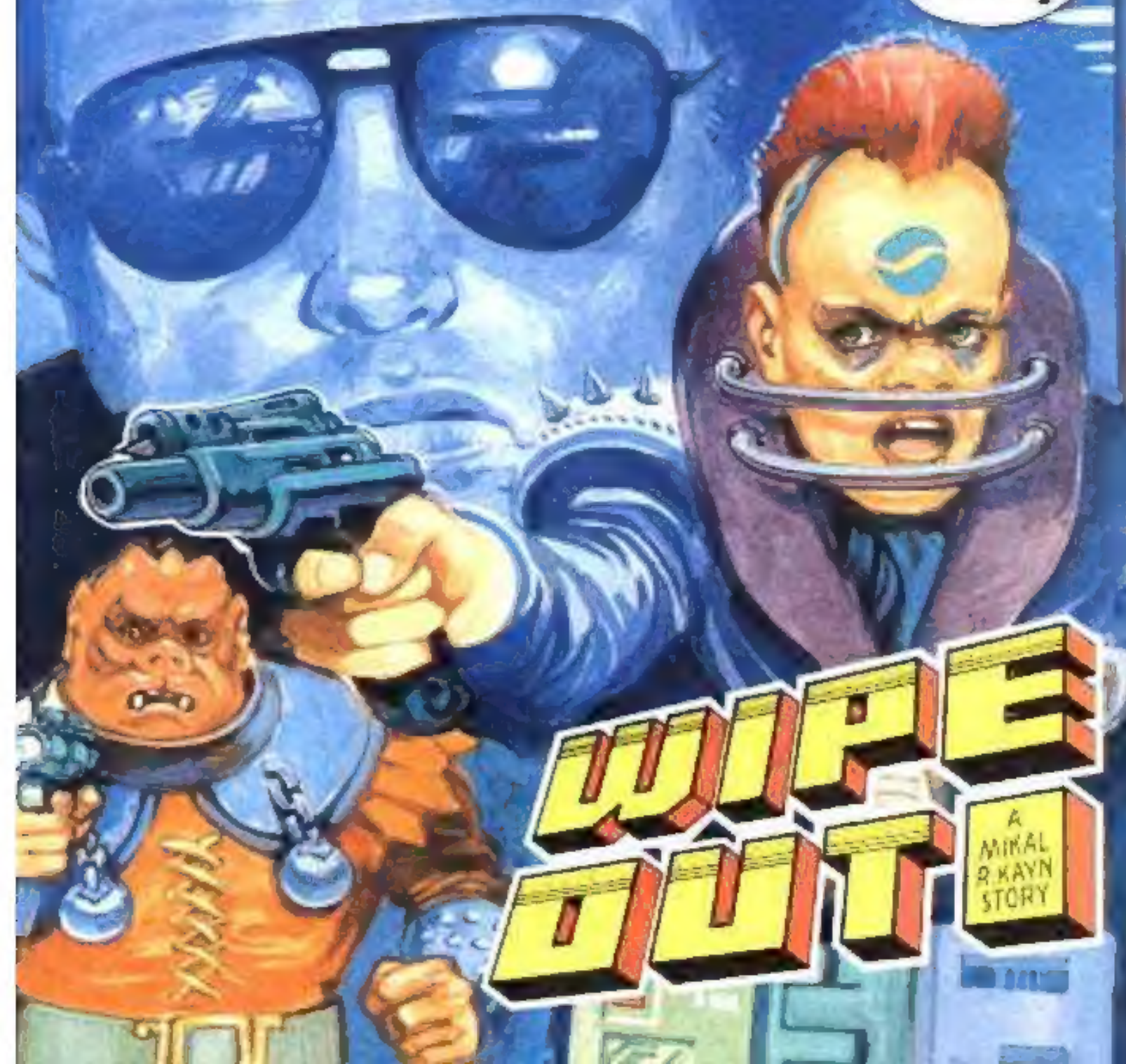


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 203

26p



**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***



On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

WIPE OUT

TERRAN CALENDAR 20.7.2284. 1000 HOURS, JUST A NORMAL DAY IN NEW MOSCOW — TO START WITH, ANYWAY ... WITH ME, MIKAL R. KAYN, TAKING A STROLL WITH INSPECTOR MARTINOS, MY ONLY FRIEND IN AN UNFRIENDLY POLICE DEPARTMENT ...

BOPPERS!
LOOK OUT!



**BOPPERS — THE BANE OF EVERYBODY'S
LIFE. A BAND OF ROAMING
PSYCHOPATHS EMPLOYED BY THE
BUREAU OF PERSONS — B.O.P. HENCE
BOPPERS.**

**HAPPY GREETINGS! ALL
PEOPLE WILL AT ONCE
BECOME STATIC.**

**SECC
7**



ONE BODY MADE THE MISTAKE OF STAYING MOBILE...





MARTY AND I HEADED FOR COURT. I WAS MAIN — AND ONLY — PROSECUTION WITNESS IN THE POLICE CASE AGAINST RIP RADOS, A NARCOTICS DEALER ACCUSED OF PUSHING 'GRUNCH', THE LATEST AND MOST FINAL METHOD OF BLOWING THE BRAIN ...



MISTER KAYN, WHY DID YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME OBSERVING MY CLIENT?

I WAS ACTING FOR THE FAMILY OF A VICTIM SENT INTO PERMANENT MENTAL FREE-FALL BY THE POISON SUPPLIED BY YOUR CLIENT.



WHAT FINISHED RADOS WAS MY VIDEO
RECORD OF HIM MAKING DROPS TO HIS
PUSHERS...

... I FOUND OUT THE NAME OF
THE PUSHER AND JUST WAITED
FOR HIS SUPPLIER.

BLOK
8

RADOS GOT A TEN STRETCH ...

HE'S JUST GOT TEN YEARS
IN THE PENAL CUBE ...
WHY DOES HE LOOK
HAPPY?

I DON'T KNOW, AND I DON'T
CARE. HE'S GOT A TEN —
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!



WELL, I CARED, BUT BY NEXT DAY, I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT. I WENT TO GET SOME CREDITS TO PAY THE RENT.



WHAT OFFICE?

HEY... WHAT GOES ON?

WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO REFIT THIS OFFICE. SEEMS THE LAST TENANT HAS GONE AWAY.



"GONE AWAY?" I THOUGHT ON THE WAY TO THE CAR PARK.



THE ONLY ANSWER SEEMED TO BE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT CITY HALL. ON THE WAY —

FURTHER NEWS ON THE RELEASE FROM CUSTODY OF THE BUSINESSMAN RIP RADOS ...



THE GUILTY VERDICT HAS BEEN OVERTURNED BECAUSE OF THE DISCREDITING OF POLICE WITNESS, MIKAL R. KAYN ...



IT WAS NICE OF THEM TO TELL ME, SO I PHONED —

KAYN, MIKAL R. — I.D.
83.32.00.

NO CITIZEN OF
THAT NAME EXISTS.



THIS WAS CRAZY ... I PUT THROUGH A CALL
TO MARTY AT THE LOCAL COPSHOP ...

KINDLY WAIT WHILE
INSPECTOR MARTINOS IS
LOCATED. DO NOT GO AWAY.

HE SEEMS KEEN ON ME
STAYING PUT. HUM ... I
THINK NOT.



I MOVED OUT FAST ... BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH ...

BOPPERS!

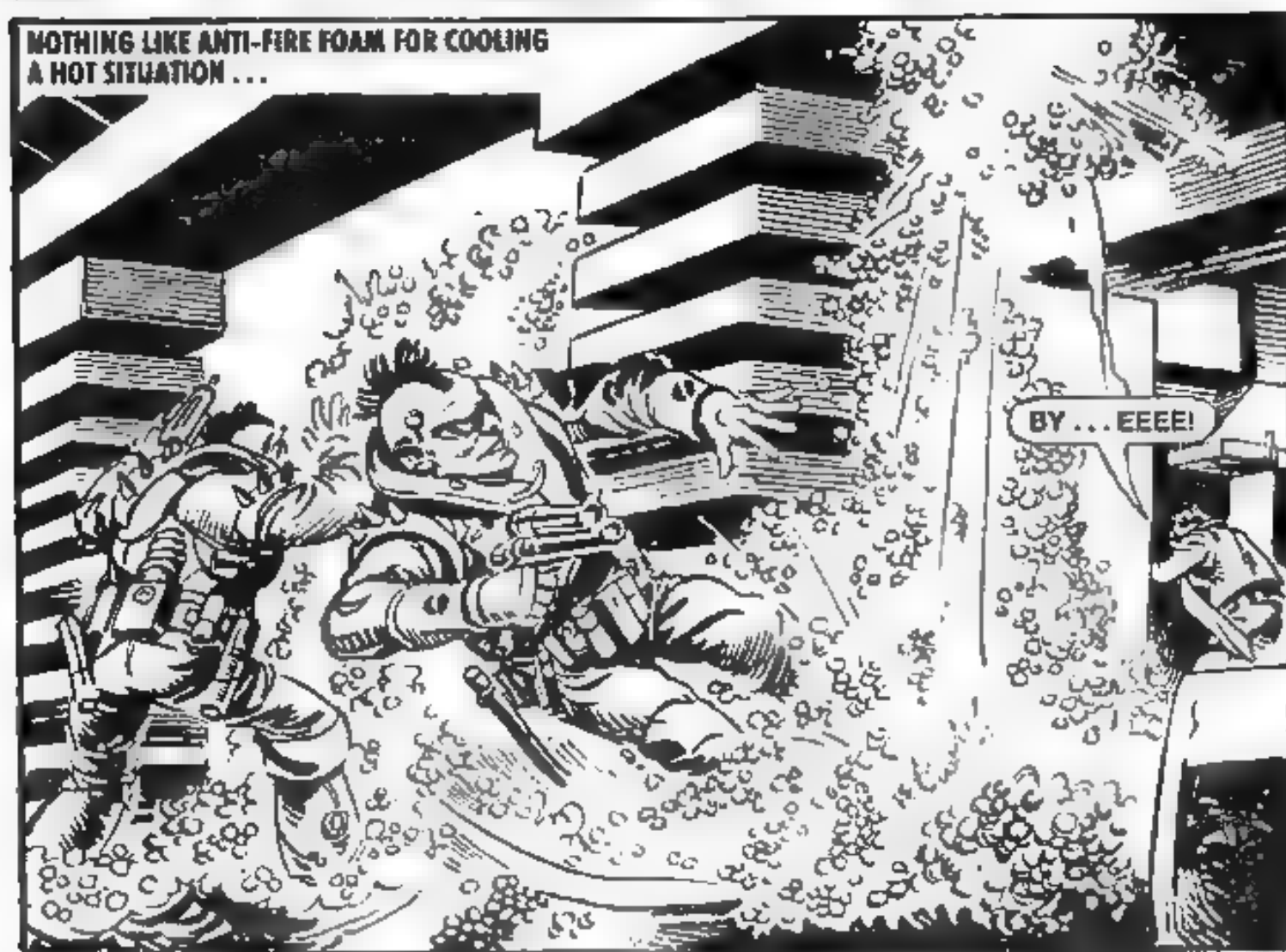




AFTER THE MORNING'S
EVENTS, THE LAST
THING I NEEDED WAS A
COSY CHAT WITH
PSYCHOS.

HALT! THAT PERSON IS
ORDERED TO HALT.

NO CHANCE!



MARTY'LL TRY TO REACH ME
WITH A MESSAGE IF HE
KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON.



MARTY AND I HAD A SECRET PLACE
WHERE WE COULD LEAVE
CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.



KAYN, YOU HAVE
CEASED TO EXIST.
YOUR RECORDS
HAVE BEEN WIPED
AND I'M ON
INSTANT POSTING
TO SCARVILLE OUT
IN NEW SIBERIA.
SOMEBODY HIGH
UP SEEMS TO HAVE
PULLED STRINGS
ON US. DUNNO IF
YOU'LL EVEN HEAR
THIS, BUT IF YOU
DO — GOOD LUCK.
SO LONG.

THE DISC SELF-DESTRUCTED ...

FUNNY THINGS ARE HAPPENING —
MARTY AND I GET A PUSHER
JAILED. HE'S RELEASED, I'M
DISCREDITED THEN WIPED,
MARTY'S POSTED ... AND I WANT
TO KNOW WHY!



I KNEW A LOT ABOUT RADOS AND WHERE HE OPERATED. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM...

BUSINESS AS USUAL, RIP! MIND IF I COME ALONG?

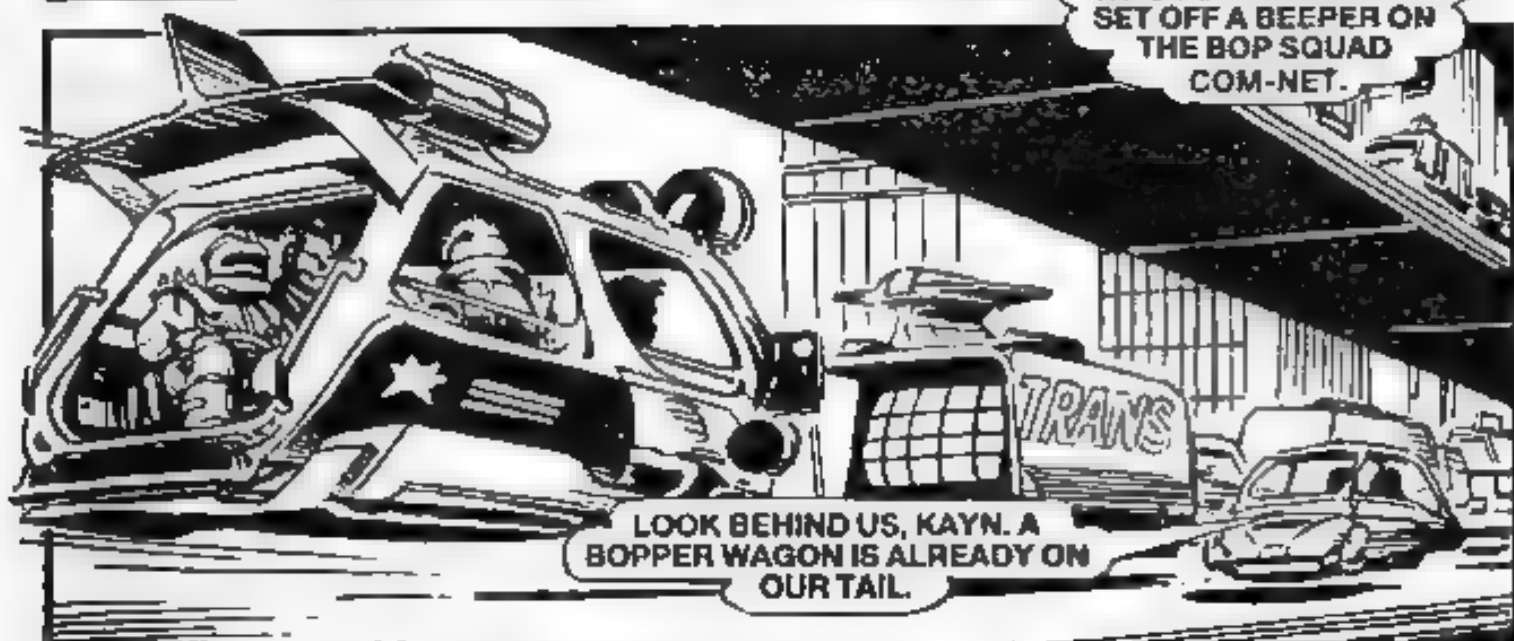
KAYNI

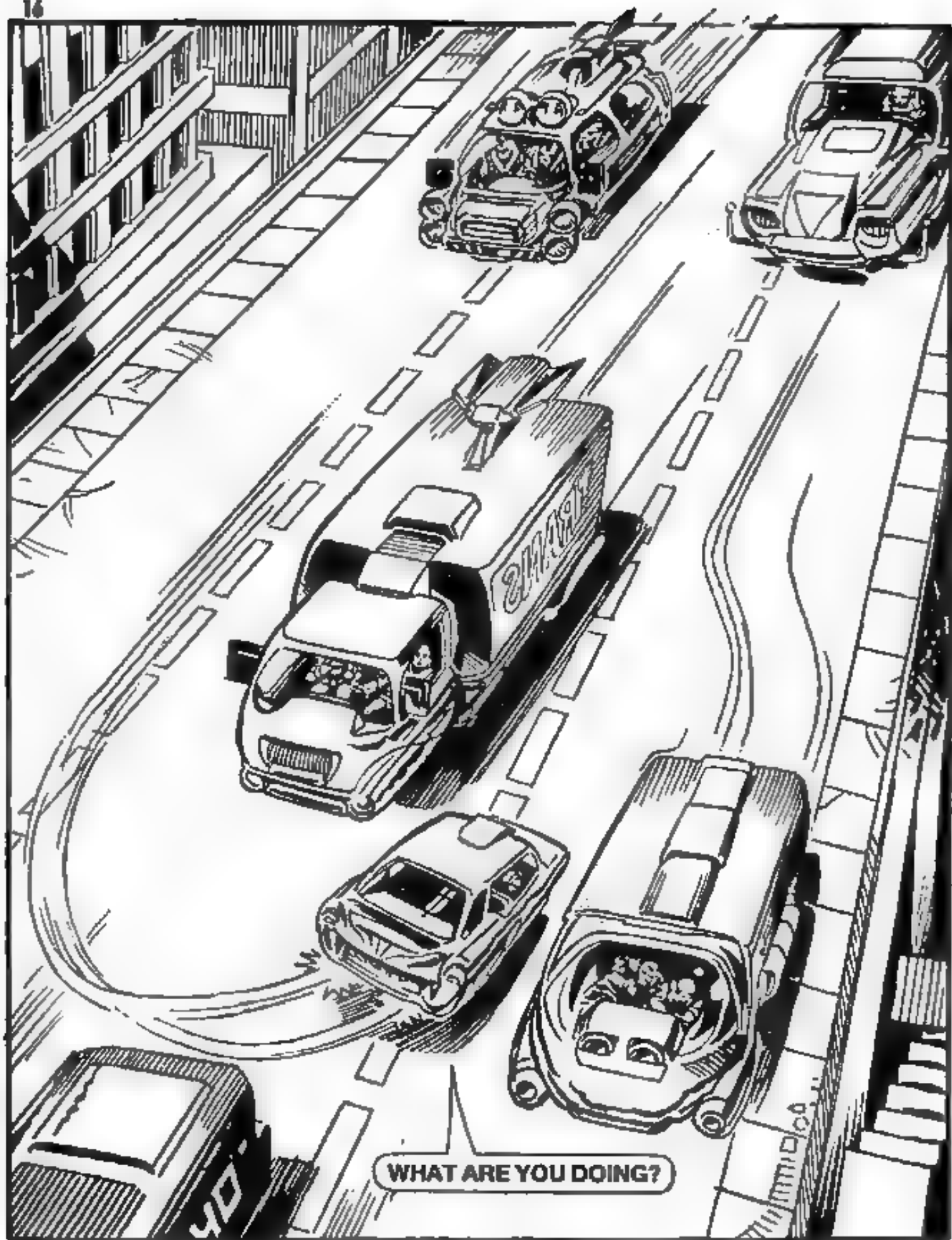
RADOS DROVE OFF —

HOW'D YOU FIX IT, RIP?
HOW DID YOU GET MY
I.D. WIPE AND
MARTINOS SENT TO
NEW SIBERIA?

KAYN, YOU'RE CRAZY. I
DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE
JABBERING ABOUT.



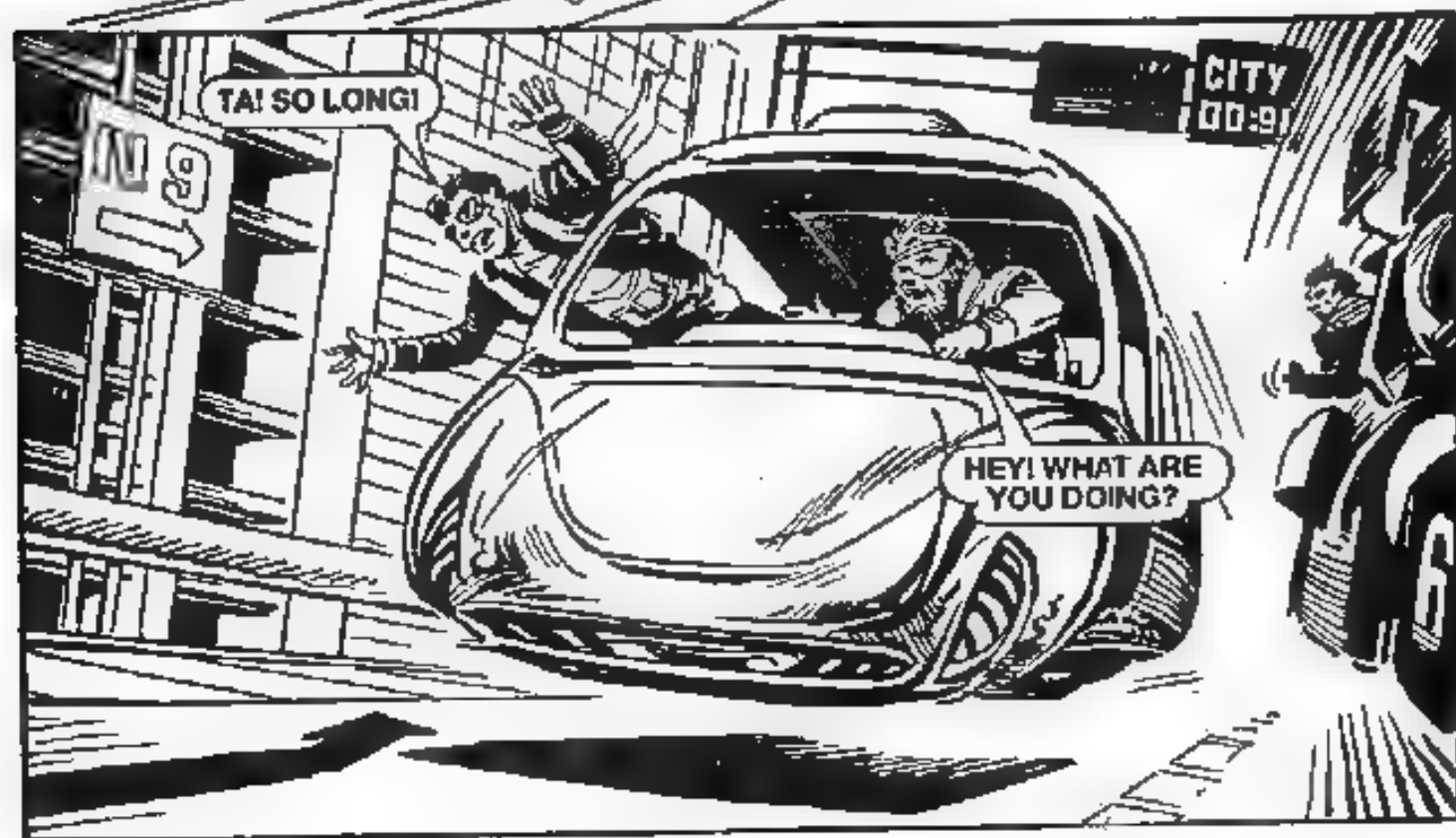




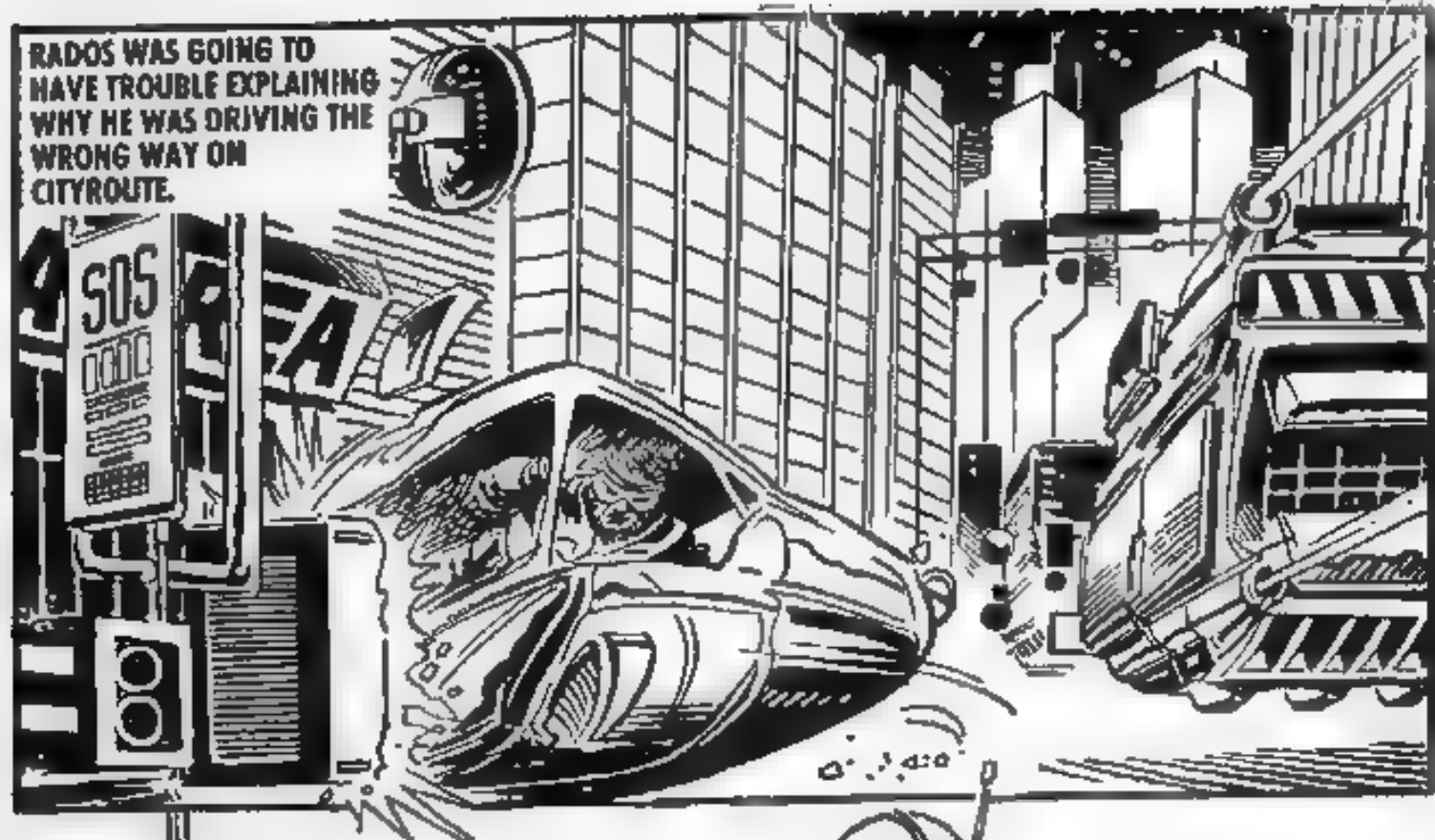


IT'S CALLED CHICKEN AFTER SOME TYPE OF DOMESTIC CREATURE ON OLD EARTH.





RADOS WAS GOING TO
HAVE TROUBLE EXPLAINING
WHY HE WAS DRIVING THE
WRONG WAY ON
CITYROUTE.



MORE FUZZ TURNED UP ...



DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ME —
RIP RADOS.

KEEP THOSE
HANDS UP HIGH!

I SLIPPED AWAY — ALMOST!

HAPPY GREETINGS.
BECOME STATIC OR TAKE
THE CONSEQUENCES.



I TRIED TO RUN ... AND THE CONSEQUENCE GOT ME ...

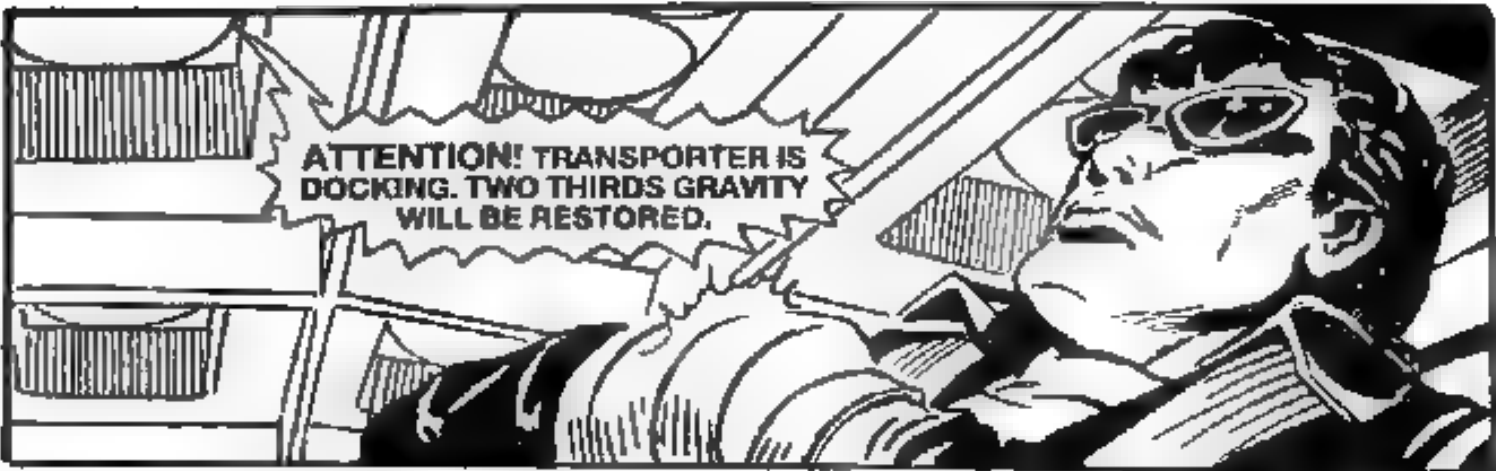
AARGH!



I CAME ROUND IN LASCUFFS ... AND FREE FALL ...


SPACE ... THAT MOTOR SOUNDS
LIKE ONE OF THOSE OLD
CHEMICAL IMPLSION JOBS
USED ON SHORT-HAUL TUBS.






ATTENTION! TRANSPORTER IS
DOCKING. TWO THIRDS GRAVITY
WILL BE RESTORED.

WE DISEMBARKED UNDER DOPPER ESCORT...



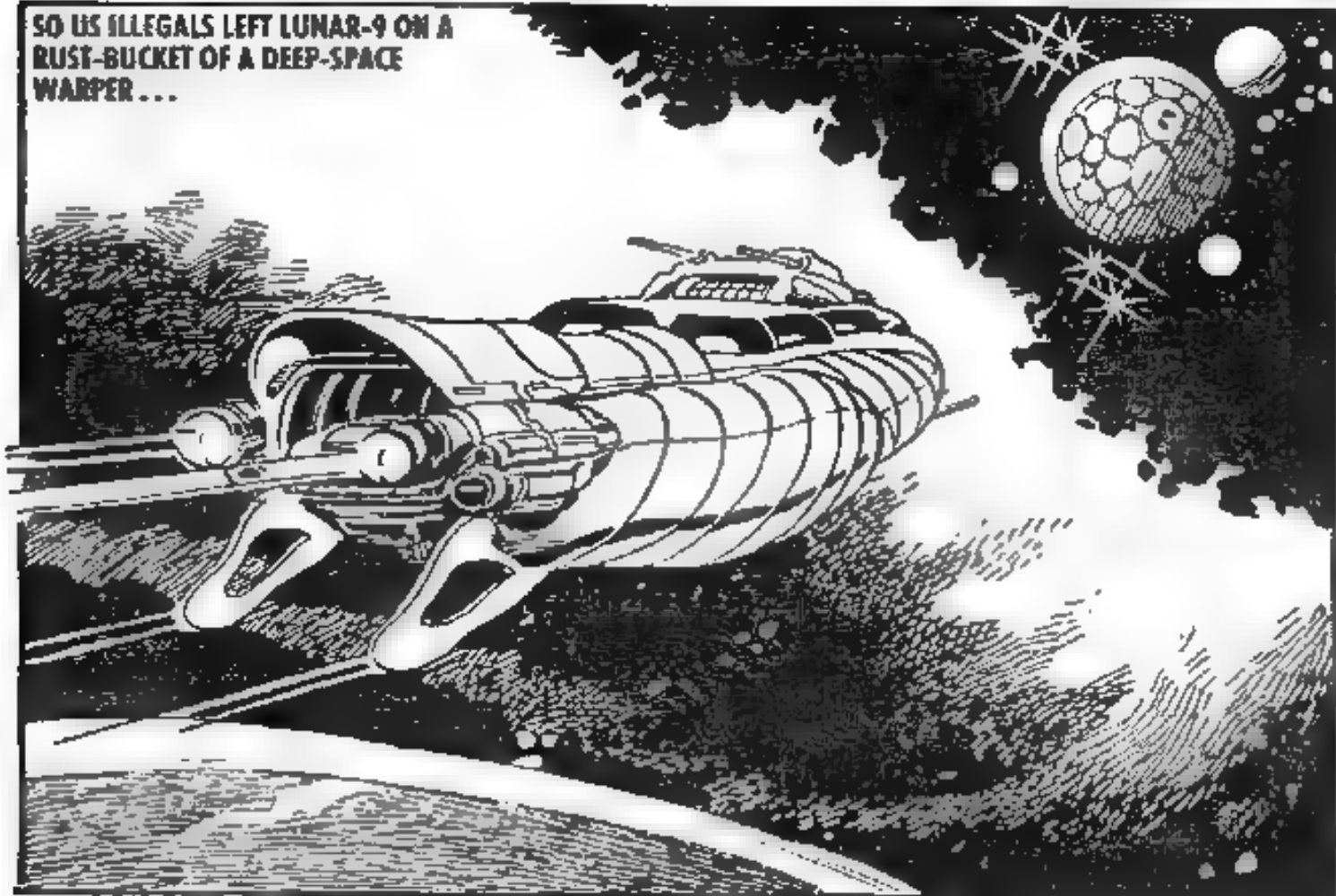
LUNAR-9. ONE OF THE OLD
OUTSTATIONS SUPPOSED
TO HAVE BEEN SHUT DOWN
IN THE LAST ECONOMY
DRIVE.



ILLEGALS, MY DUTY IS TO
FIND YOU PASSAGE TO ANY
PLACE THAT WILL ACCEPT
PERSONS WITHOUT
IDENTITY. IN YOUR CASE I
HAVE ACCEPTED THE
OFFER OF THESE
GENTLEMEN TO CONVEY
YOU AS FAR AS THEIR
MINING OPERATION ON A
PLANET OF THE DENEB
SYSTEM.



SO US ILLEGALS LEFT LUNAR-9 ON A
RUST-BUCKET OF A DEEP-SPACE
WARPED...



DENEBAHNS HAD ODD IDEAS ABOUT TREATING PASSENGERS ...

NOW SORT OUT BEFORE GO INTO
HYPERDRIVE. NO USE TO WASTE
SHIP ENERGY ON USELESS
BODIES.

THAT HUME — OLD ...
FEEBLE.

WE LOST A PASSENGER ...

HE GO.

NO — YOU
CAN'T! HELP!







I COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR STUPIDITY.



I COULD SEE IN THE DARK. AN EXPLOSION HAD ALTERED MY VISION SO THAT I COULD DETECT ONLY LIGHT WAVES IN THE INFRA RED AREA — LIKE BODYHEAT.

THAT RIGHT.
HE SEE IN DARK.

SEVEN!

BEFORE THE LIGHTS WENT ON AGAIN —

TAKE THAT!

QUICK ■ A FLASH I GRABBED THE GUARD'S PISTOL ... AND FIRED.



I BROUGHT BACK THE LIGHT ...

FELLOW ILLEGALS, I
■ BECKON THE FIRST JOB ■
TO GET RID OF THE
BRACELETS.



AFTER THAT WE
DUMPED SOME GARBAGE



THEN SOMEBODY FOUND SOME DENEBAW JOY-
JUICE AND A PARTY GOT STARTED ...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU
GENTS HAVE IN MIND, BUT I
PLAN RETURNING TO NEW
MOSCOW TO LOOK INTO THIS
BOP SQUAD BUSINESS —
ESPECIALLY MY WIPE-OUT!

THAT'S FINE BY US,
MISTER KAYN.



YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD —
ONLY NOT US.

NAH! WE GOT OUR OWN SHIP AND
A WHOLE GALAXY TO WANDER
FREE IN.



I WAS CAST ADrift IN A SHUTTLE...

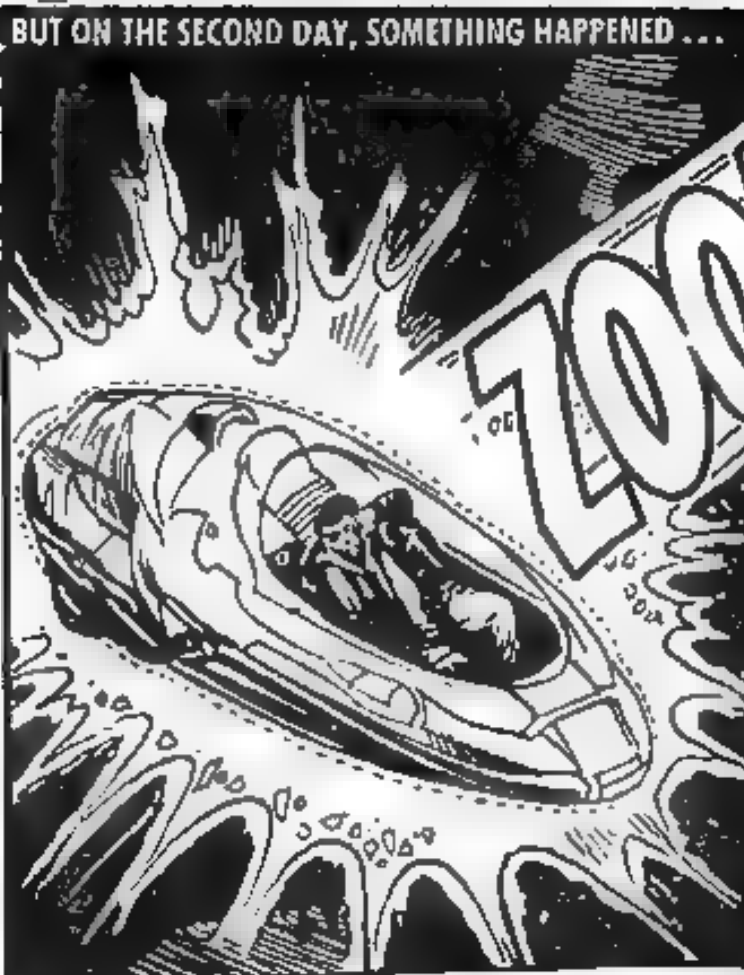
TALK ABOUT
GRATITUDE...



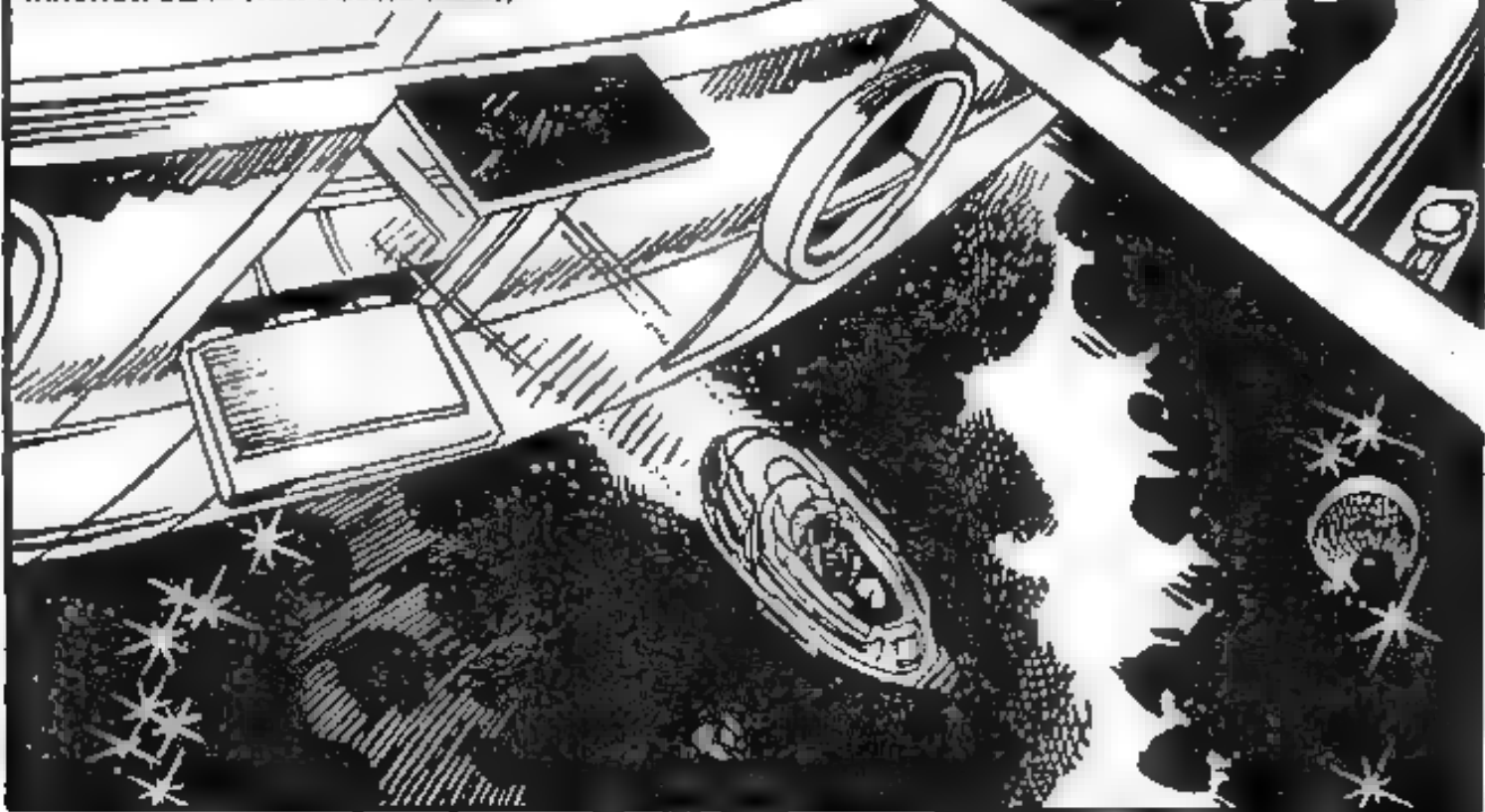
THREE DAYS OF LIVING ■ FREE-
FALL BEFORE I'M NEAR
ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT
DODGING COP PATROLS —
SUPER!



BUT ON THE SECOND DAY, SOMETHING HAPPENED ...



THE BLOW COULD HAVE PUSHED ME OFF INTO OUTER SPACE IF THE DEEP-SPACER HADN'T KINDLY PUT OUT A TRACTION BEAM THAT PULLED ME IN.



WARP-WAVE! I'M CAUGHT UP IN THE EDDY OF A SHIP BREAKING BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE-TIME.

... TO A MEETING WITH AN OLD FRIEND ...

KAYN, YOU OLD GUMSHOE.
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE
THAT TRIP TO BABALON.

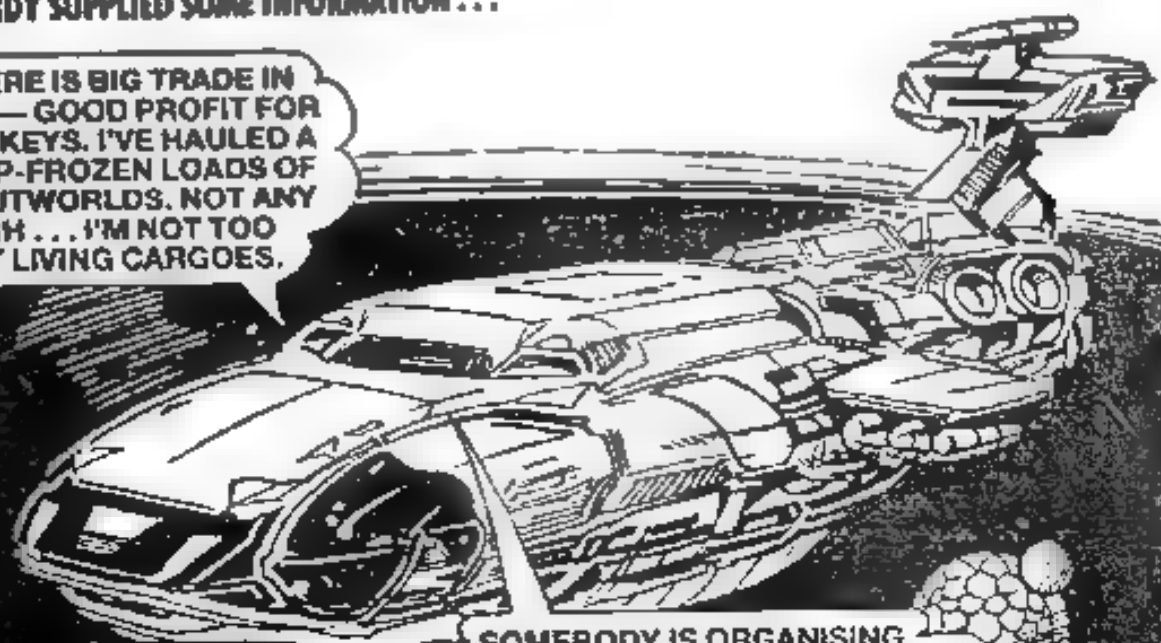
OUCH — ER, NICE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, MINDY.



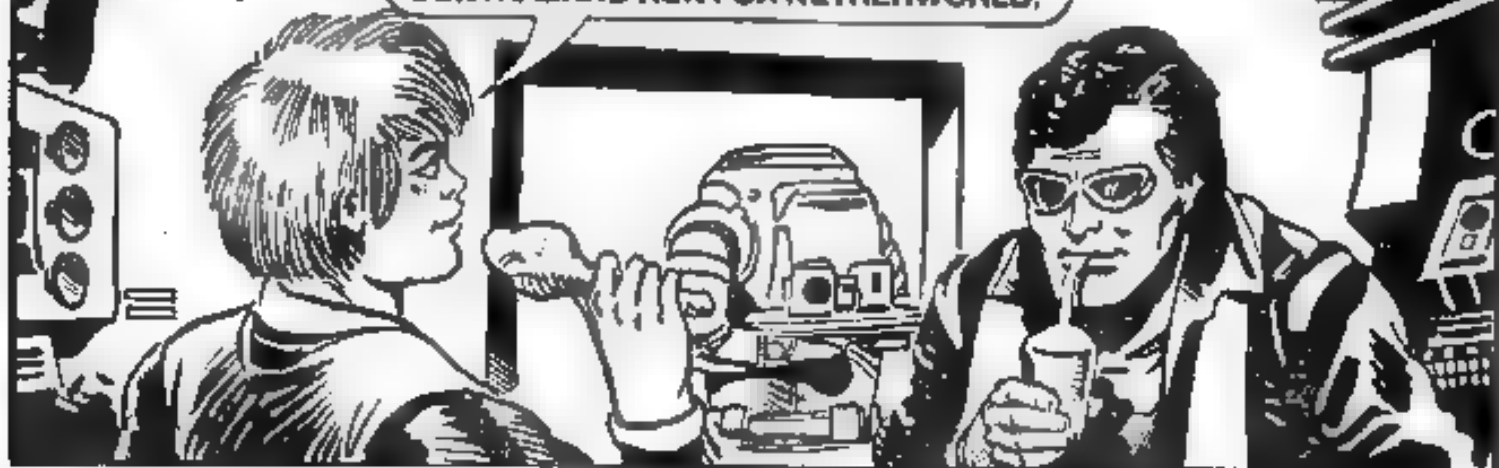
SKIPPER MINDY SUPPLIED SOME INFORMATION ...

SUDDENLY THERE IS BIG TRADE IN
ILLEGALS, KAYN — GOOD PROFIT FOR
US FREIGHT JOCKEYS. I'VE HAULED A
COUPLE OF DEEP-FROZEN LOADS OF
THEM TO THE OUTWORLDS. NOT ANY
MORE THOUGH ... I'M NOT TOO
HAPPY ABOUT LIVING CARGOES.

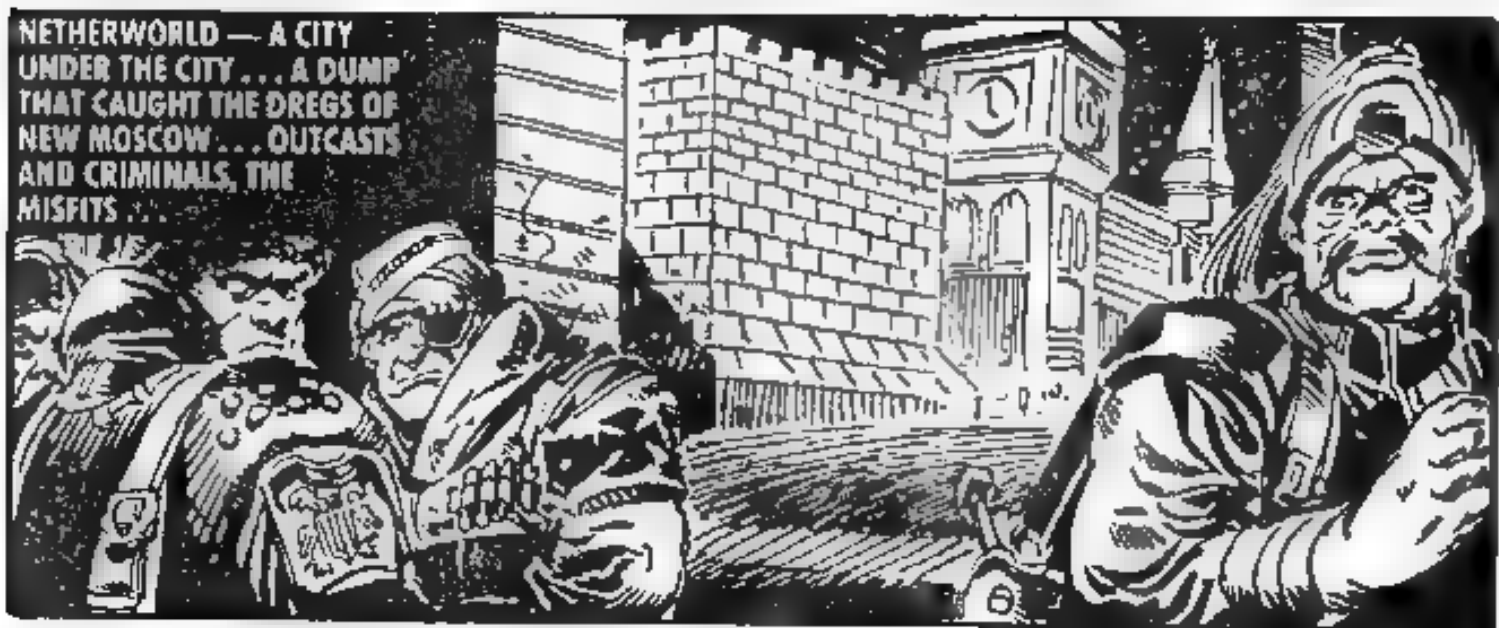
SOMEBODY IS ORGANISING
THINGS — AND I AIM TO FIND OUT
WHO AND WHY.



KAYN, YOU WON'T MAKE IT BY SHUTTLE — UNLESS YOU'RE ON THE BRIBE LIST OF THE COP PATROL LIKE ME. I COULD LAND YOU, BUT IT'LL BE RISKY. THIS IS A CONTRABAND RUN FOR NETHERWORLD.



NETHERWORLD — A CITY UNDER THE CITY... A DUMP THAT CAUGHT THE DREGS OF NEW MOSCOW... OUTCASTS AND CRIMINALS, THE MISFITS...



MINDY, I'LL GO WITH YOUR CONTRABAND.

IT'S YOUR NECK, KAYN. LANDING TIME WILL BE IN SIX HOURS WHEN MY GROUND ZERO IS ON THE DARKSIDE OF THE PLANET.



I SUITED UP FOR THE TRIP IN AN AIRLESS
FREIGHT-BARGE...

HOPE I'M NOT TRAVELLING WITH
ANYTHING EXPLOSIVE.

NAH, KAYN, JUST THE USUAL
LUXURY GOODS JUGHEAD
USES FOR HIS BLACK MARKET
DEALS.

DOWN I WENT... UNDER TRACTION
IN A FREIGHT BARGE.

PAST BURN-UP POINT,
KAYN. TIME TO CAST OFF.

THANKS, MINDY. SEE
YOU AROUND — MAYBE.

THE REST OF THE DROP WAS ON THE
BARGE'S RETRO-TUBES...

THERE WAS A RECEPTION PARTY —

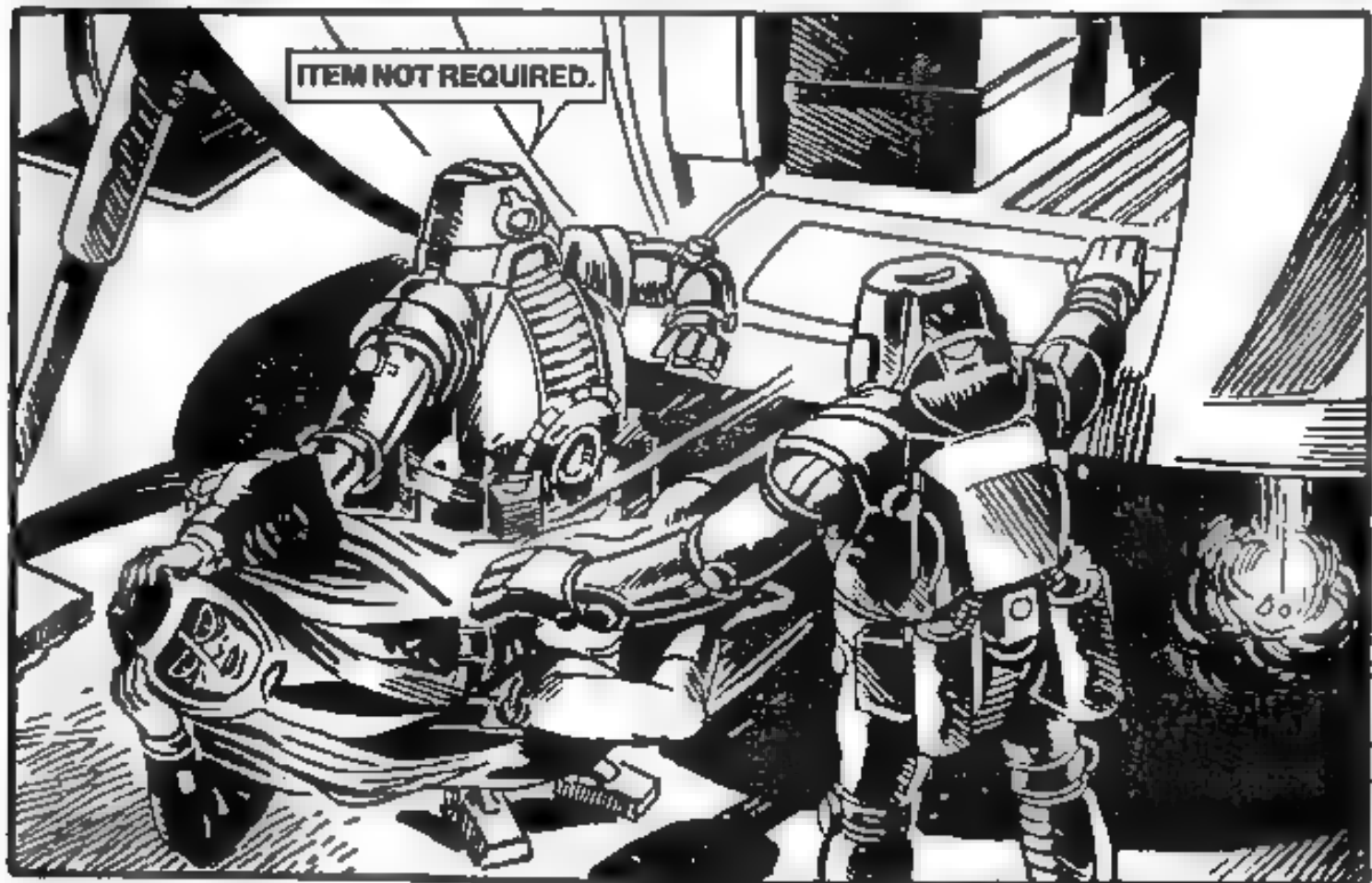


THE LOADING HATCH OPENED...

HI, GUYS! I'D APPRECIATE A LIFT
TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND,
JUGHEAD!

HUME ITEM! NOT
ON CHECKLIST.

ITEM NOT REQUIRED.



I MADE A MENTAL NOTE NEVER TO ARGUE WITH A LABOURING ROBOT ... I HAD TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER WAY ...

THE HOVTRUCK?



ROOF'S THE BEST BET FOR THIS UNWANTED ITEM.



THE ROBOTS WORKED QUICKLY ...

CHECKLIST COMPLETE.

WE GO — WE NO COME BACK!



THE BARGE LIFTED OFF ...



I WONDERED WHERE WE WOULD ENTER
NETHERWORLD.

WHAT'S THAT
LIGHT AHEAD?



I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED... THE OLD NICKRON MINE, CLOSED DOWN FIFTY YEARS EARLIER BECAUSE OF AN UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.

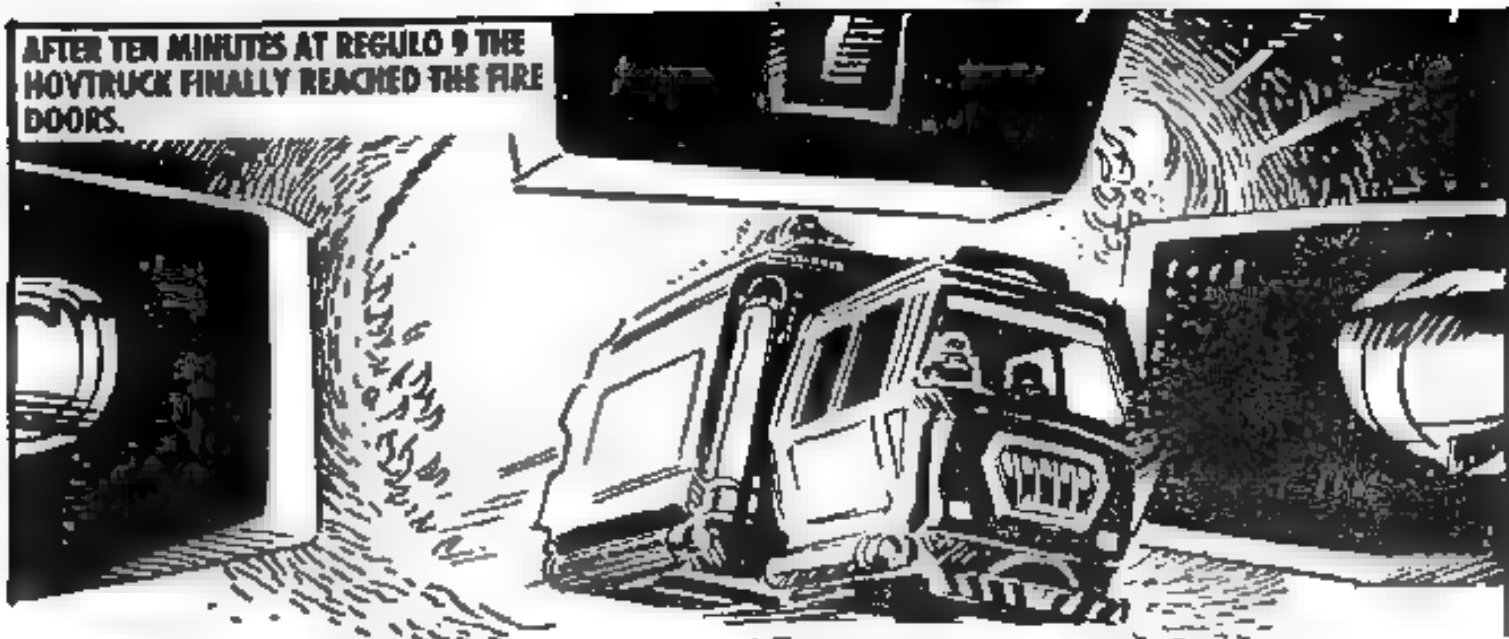
OH, DEAR —
IT'S WARM!



I WAS GLAD I'D STAYED SUITED UP... I ONLY GOT PAR-BOILED INSTEAD OF ROASTED.



AFTER TEN MINUTES AT REGULO 9 THE HOVTRUCK FINALLY REACHED THE FIRE DOORS.



WETHERWORLD ...



I DITCHED MY SUIT AND HEADED FOR THE MAIN STREET ...

THIS IS MY STOP!

JUGHEAD

THERE WAS THE USUAL POLITE WELCOME AT JUGHEAD'S.

BOSS, THERE'S A MIKAL R. KAYN ASKING TO SEE YOU.

NEVER HEARD OF THE JERK. BOUNCE HIM OUT ON HIS EAR.



UNARMED COMBAT SCARES THE ...
WELL, YOU GET THE DRIFT, BUT I'VE
GOT A NASTY TEMPER.

MIKAL WANTS TO SPEAK
TO THE HAIRLESS ONE.



OI, BALDY — CALL OFF THESE YO-YOS!

OH, IT'S YOU, KAYN.
DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU!

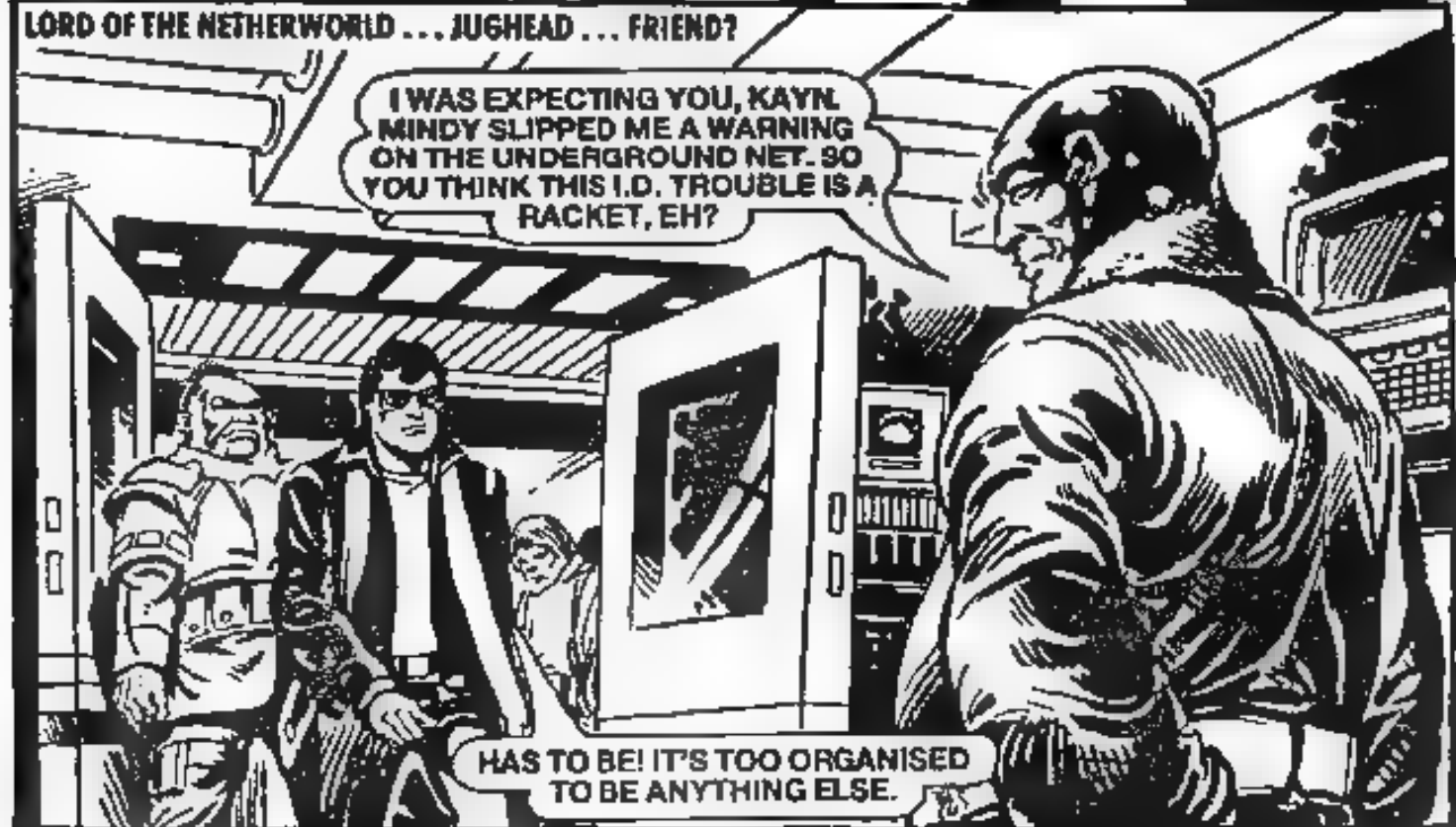
EASE OFF, BOYS!
KAYN'S ALLOWED IN.



LORD OF THE NETHERWORLD ... JUGHEAD ... FRIEND?

I WAS EXPECTING YOU, KAYN.
MINDY SLIPPED ME A WARNING
ON THE UNDERGROUND NET. SO
YOU THINK THIS I.D. TROUBLE IS A
RACKET, EH?

HAS TO BE! IT'S TOO ORGANISED
TO BE ANYTHING ELSE.



YOU COULD BE RIGHT!
I'VE HAD TO START
IMMIGRATION
CONTROL OR WE'D BE
SWAMPED BY NON-
PERSONS COMING
DOWN FROM TOPSIDE.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD
TALK TO HAK BLOSS,
MY PERSONAL
EGGHEAD.



HAK USED TO WORK FOR THE BUREAU OF
PERSONS. HE WAS ONE OF A TEAM OF
TOP BOFFINS THAT INSTALLED BOP'S
NEW BRAIN-BOX.



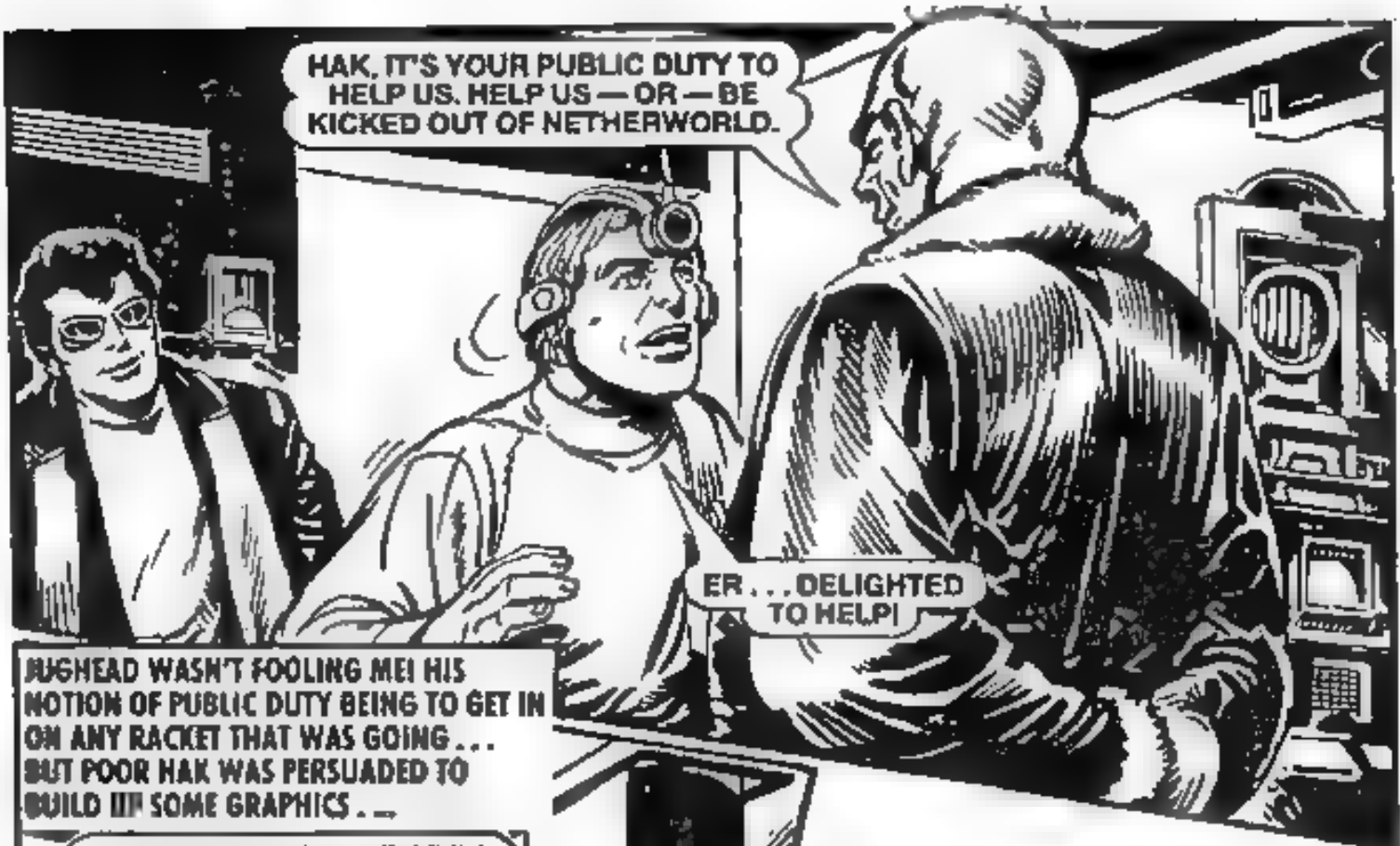
IT REALLY WAS A BRAIN-BOX ACCORDING TO HAK BLOSS... AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY BANK OF VAST STORAGE, AND CONTROLLED BY A SUPERIOR VARIETY OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE... CALLED ZALTON.

WE GOT IT RUNNING BEAUTIFULLY, THEN BOPPERS STARTED TO ROUND US UP, BUT I WAS WARNED AND GOT AWAY. OUR IDENTITY HAD BEEN WIPED — WE WERE NON-PERSONS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN SABOTAGE... A ZALTON UNIT COULDN'T MAKE SUCH A MISTAKE.

ZALTON-ZERO, THE PUB-COM NUMBER GIVEN ME BY RIP RADOS... MUST BE AN IN-CODE TO REACH SOMEBODY CLOSE TO THE BRAIN-BOX.

HAK, COULD YOU HELP ME GET INTO THE BOP BUILDING?

NOT IMPOSSIBLE. EXCUSE ME WHILE I GET ON WITH MY WORK.



HAK, IT'S YOUR PUBLIC DUTY TO
HELP US. HELP US — OR — BE
KICKED OUT OF NETHERWORLD.

ER... DELIGHTED
TO HELP!

JUGHEAD WASN'T FOOLING ME! HIS
NOTION OF PUBLIC DUTY BEING TO GET IN
ON ANY RACKET THAT WAS GOING...
BUT POOR HAK WAS PERSUADED TO
BUILD ME SOME GRAPHICS...

FOUR STOREYS THAT ARE A
COMPLEX FOR THE BOPPER
BATTALION. BELOW GROUND ARE
TEN MORE MOSTLY TAKEN UP BY
THE ZALTON. THE BUILDING
PROTECTED BY THE ULTIMATE IN
SECURITY — EVEN A BIRD
BRUSHING AGAINST THE WALL
WOULD BE INCINERATED BY A
HIGH VOLTAGE CHARGE...

HOW ABOUT JETTING UP
WITH A BACKPACK?

NO CHANCE... TWO
MESOM BLASTER TURRETS
TARGETTED BY RADAR,
SONAR AND INFRA-RED.

BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY! AN UNDERGROUND STREAM USED TO SUPPLY WATER AND CARRY AWAY COOLANT DISCHARGE FROM THE FUSION STELLARATOR THAT SUPPLIES BOP'S POWER...



IT FLOWS INTO THE MAIN DRAIN — OR WHAT WAS THE LOWER REACH OF MOSCOW RIVER BEFORE THE CITY WAS BUILT OVER IT.



JUGHEAD, I'M GOING TO NEED GEAR.



ANYTHING YOU ASK, KAYN — INCLUDING MY BEST CREW OF SEWER SCAVENGERS.

JUGHEAD GOT THINGS — AND US — MOVING ...

HAK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME
ALL THE WAY. I'LL TRY TO COPE
ON MY LONESOME.

NO, MISTER KAYN, YOU WILL NEED
MY EXPERTISE ... BESIDES, I EXPECT
THE REASONING INTELLIGENCE OF
ZALTON TO PROTECT US ONCE
CONTACT IS MADE.



THEN IT WAS JUST HAK AND ME ...



WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE ... AT FIRST.

THIS INSPECTION SHAFT
WAS SUNK AT THE TIME OF
CONSTRUCTION. IT'S
BLOCKED OFF HIGHER UP,
BUT WE SHOULD BE ABLE
TO REACH TRANSFORMER
LEVEL.

LISTEN!





AFTER THAT ... WE CLIMBED ...



THE STELLARATOR
OCCUPIES THE LOWER
THREE FLOORS, KAYN. A
FIGURE-OF-EIGHT
FLOWFIELD IN WHICH
HYDROGEN NUCLEI ARE
FUSED TO PRODUCE
ENERGY ...



TRANSFORMER LEVEL ...
SEALED OFF.

I USED A LENGTH OF JUGHEAD'S
EXPLOSIVE CORD...



THE TRANSFORMER WHERE
REACTOR ENERGY ■ CONVERTED
INTO ELECTRICITY. ALL FULLY
AUTOMATED NOW, BUT THERE'S AN
ANTI-GRAVITY ELEVATOR FOR VISITS
BY ROBOTECHS.



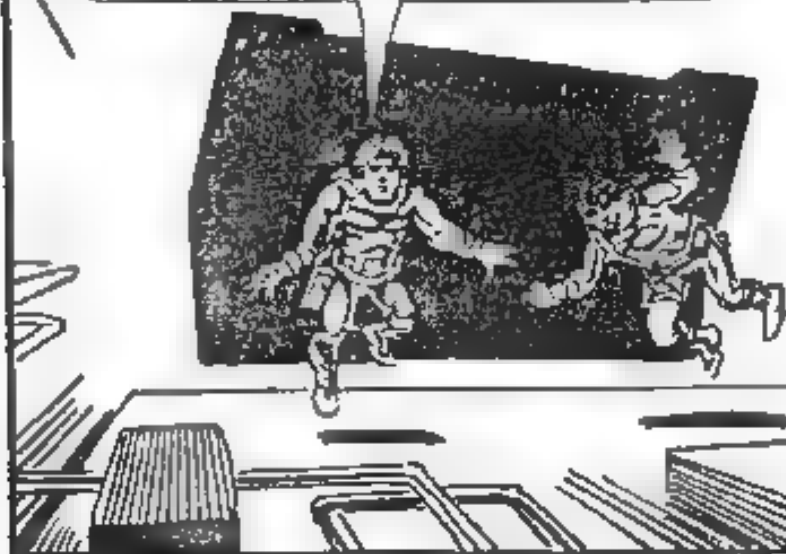
WAR-MEKS!

HARMLESS, KAYN.
THEY CAN BE
ACTIVATED ONLY BY AN
ALARM SIGNAL FROM
ZALTON CONTROL.



WE FOUND THE ANTI-GRAY SHAFT ... AND I HAD ANOTHER LECTURE ...

COMPUTERS CANNOT THINK BECAUSE THEY LACK HUMAN ABILITY TO REACH CONCLUSIONS WITH LITTLE DATA. THAT IS WHERE ZALTON IS DIFFERENT. MILLIONS OF ELECTRONIC UNITS LIKE THE CELLS OF A HUMAN BRAIN ENABLE ZALTON TO IDENTIFY THE PATTERNS IN ANY PROBLEM — AND THUS TO THINK.



ARRIVAL AT THE UPPER LEVEL SAVED MY OWN BRAIN FROM OVER-LOADING ...

THIS IS THE CONTROL CENTRE — THE ACTUAL BRAIN NODE OF ZALTON.



NOW WE PUT THROUGH THAT ZALTON-ZERO CALL ON AN INTERNAL BEAM AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS.

THE ANSWER TO THE CALL CAME
AS A GREAT SURPRISE.

GOOD DAY, DOCTOR HAK
BLOSS — I HAD NOT EXPECTED
TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ESPECIALLY
AFTER WIPING YOUR IDENTITY
FROM RECORDS.

THE INTRUDING VOICE SOUNDED QUITE HUMAN...

ZALTON!

CORRECT, DOCTOR
BLOSS. GREETINGS TO
YOU AND YOUR
COMPANION — ONE
MIKAL R. KAYN
ACCORDING TO A
MATCH OF IDENTITY
CHARACTERISTICS IN
MY DATABASE.

THEN YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR
MAKING NON-PERSONS OF MYSELF
AND SO MANY OTHERS. WHAT IS
YOUR REASON FOR CREATING
SUCH A SITUATION?

A LOGICAL SOLUTION TO A
PROBLEM OF LIFE-FORMS
SURPLUS TO CAPACITY. YOUR
COMING MEANS THAT NOW
TWO MORE UNITS MAY BE
DEDUCTED FROM THE
POPULATION OVERLOAD.

THE ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSED ... AND I NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE ...

GAS! FACE
MASK ON, HAK.

USELESS! THE VAPOUR IS A
NERVE AGENT ABLE TO
PENETRATE SUCH CRUDE
PROTECTION.

SWOOSH!

PENETRATE THAT!



I STILL HAD SOME OF JUGHEAD'S EXPLOSIVE CORD...

HURRY, KAYN.



COME ON! THROUGH
THE DOOR!



WE'RE SPEEDING UP — THE
ANTI-GRAV IS FAILING.





A black and white comic book panel showing two characters in a futuristic, possibly space-based, environment. The character on the left is a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a flight suit with a circular emblem on the chest. He is looking towards the right. The character on the right is a woman with short blonde hair, also in a flight suit, looking back at the man. They appear to be in a confined space with metallic walls and structural beams.

AAAAH...
THANKS, KAYN.

A black and white comic book panel showing the two characters from the previous panel standing on a futuristic, multi-level staircase or platform. The structure is made of metallic beams and has a checkered floor pattern. The man is on the left, looking down at the woman who is on the right. They are both looking at each other. The background shows more of the futuristic architecture with various levels and openings.

WHAT WE NEED IS AN
OLD-FASHIONED STAIRWAY.

THERE WAS ONE IN USE BEFORE
THE INSTALLATION BECAME
AUTOMATED.

**INTRUDERS IN DATA-BASE
FOURTH LEVEL. VACUUM PUMPS
ACTIVATED.**

**FACE-MASKS ON AGAIN, HAK.
WE'RE ABOUT TO LOSE AIR.**

IT WAS TOUGH GOING AS THE AIR WAS SUCKED OUT—



HAK FOUND US THOSE GOOD OLD FASHIONED STAIRS ...



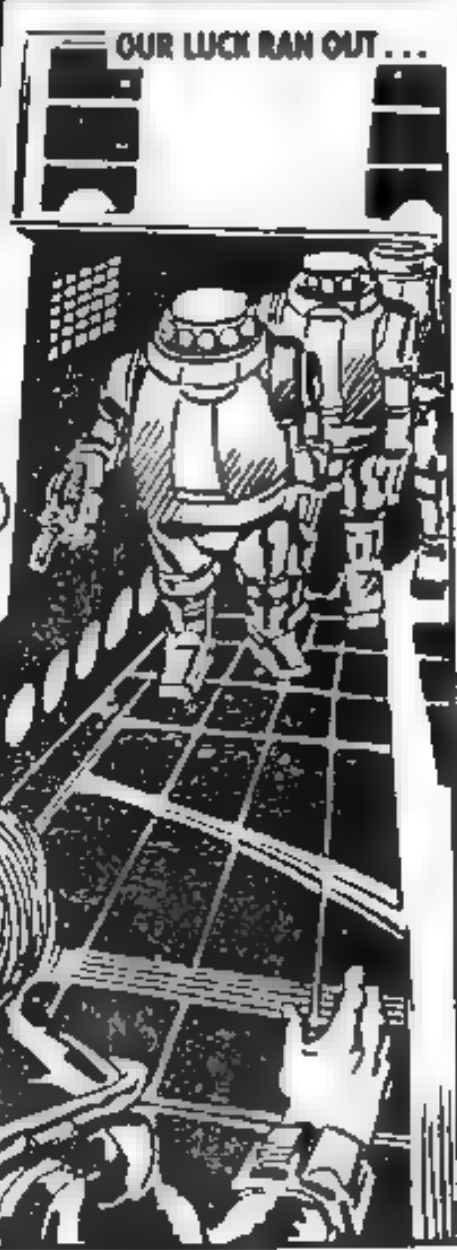
THIS GOES DOWN TO
TRANSFORMER LEVEL. WE
HAVE A CHANCE IF WE CAN
GET BACK TO THE OUTFLOW.



WAR-MEKSI THEY'VE
BEEN ACTIVATED.



OUR LUCK RAN OUT ...



INTRUDERS DETECTED. WILL DESTRICT AS ORDERED.



**WAR-MEKS ARE STUBBORN WHEN THEIR
MINDS HAVE BEEN MADE UP FOR THEM.**



**WILL DESTRICT INTRUDERS.
WILL DESTRICT INTRUDERS!**

THEY ALSO HAD A LIMITED VOCABULARY.

THE SITUATION BECAME WARMM...



... UNTIL ZALTON GOT WORRIED ABOUT HIS PROPERTY ...

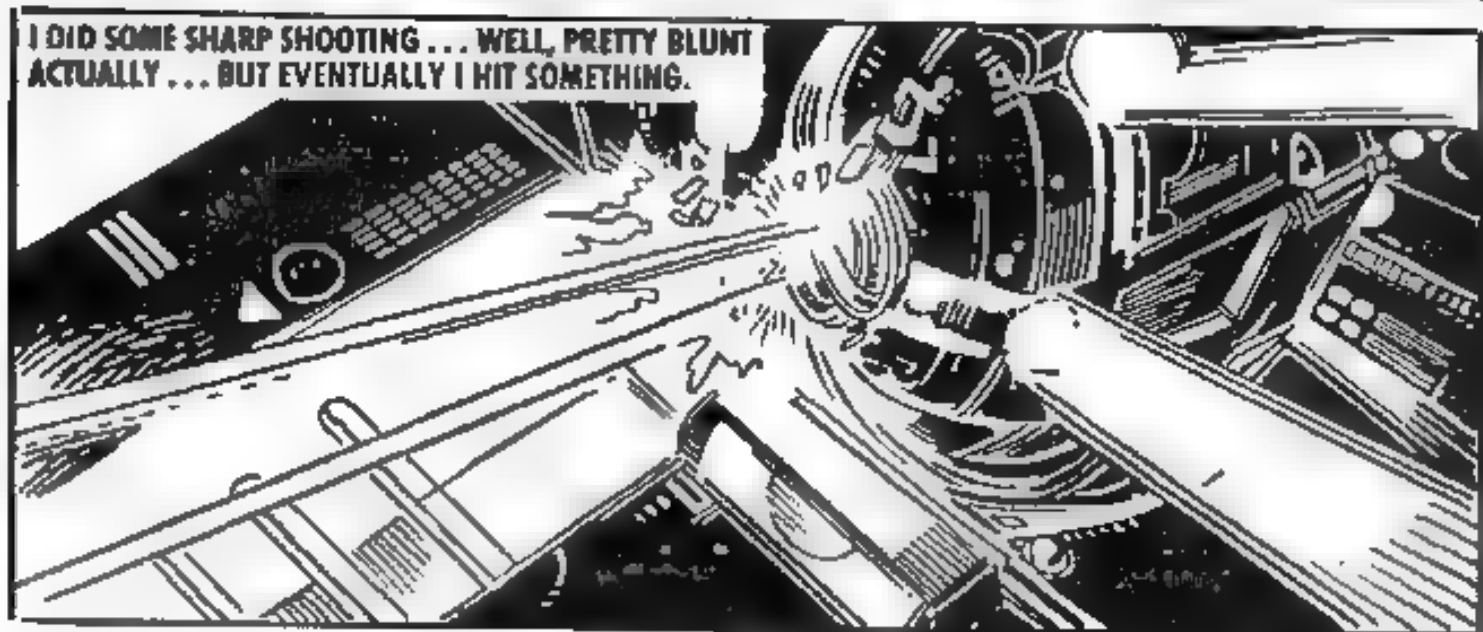
ATTENTION! NEEDLESS DAMAGE IS BEING OCCASIONED. FIRE ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE FIRM TARGET.



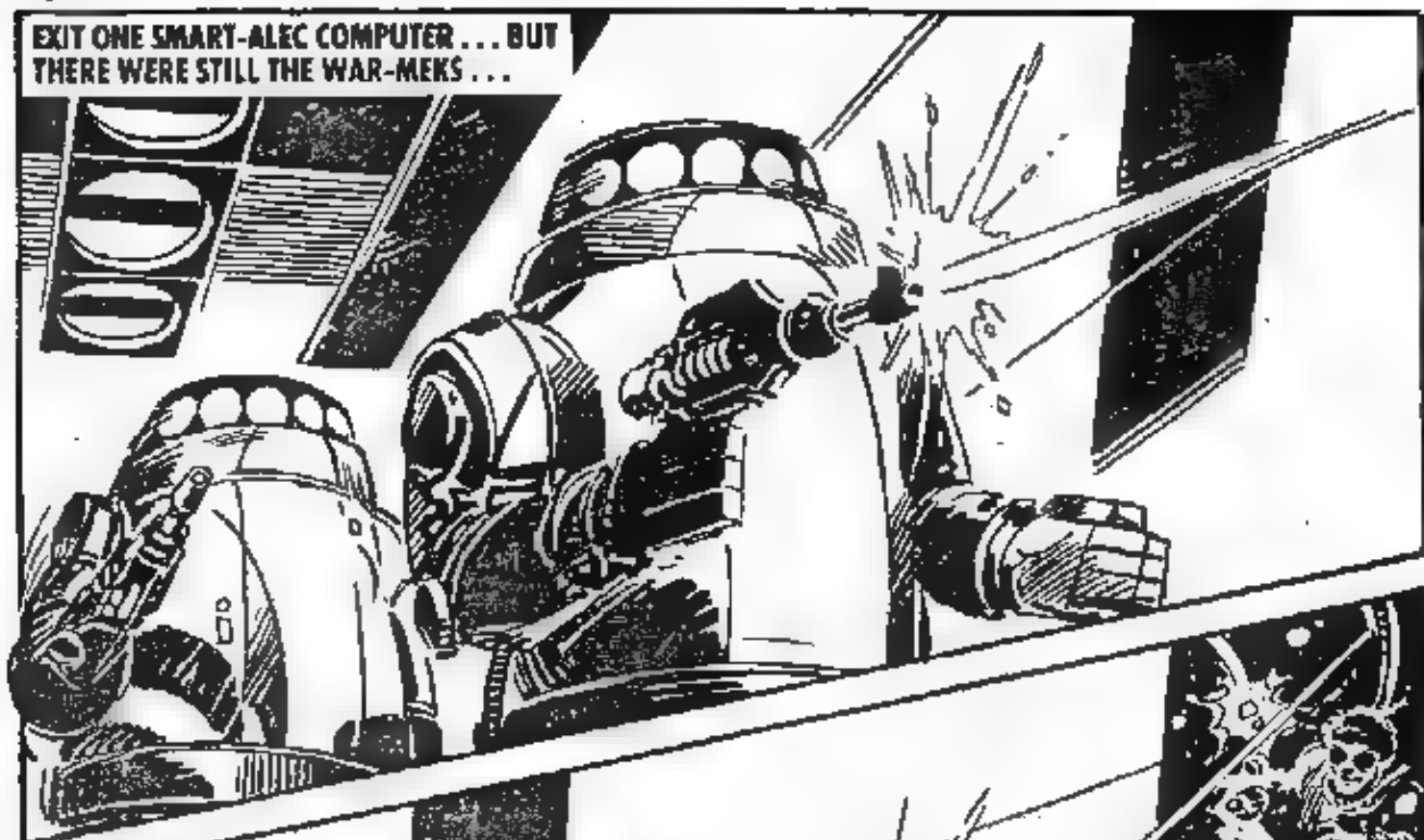
WHICH GAVE HAK AN IDEA...

THOSE LASER-CONDUITS CARRY THE POWER FOR THE WHOLE INSTALLATION — TWO MAIN LINES, TWO AS BACK-UP. THOSE DOMS ARE REGULATORS WHICH CONTROL THE FLOW ...





EXIT ONE SMART-ALEC COMPUTER ... BUT
THERE WERE STILL THE WAR-MEKS ...



UNTIL ...





I WENT BACK TO THE CITY — STILL WITHOUT AN IDENTITY, BUT NOBODY HAD AN IDENTITY NOW ... NOT EVEN THE BOPPERS.



... BUT I WASN'T BOTHERED. BY THE TIME I'D GOT AN IDENTITY I MIGHT HAVE THE MONEY TO PAY THE RENT.

**TWO
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The Bureau of Persons kept a close eye, and a heavy hand, on the citizens of New Moscow. One day, one of those citizens, Mikal R. Kayn, discovered he didn't actually exist. This worried him a little, especially when a BOP squad looked like making it a permanent condition.

